WEATHER REPORT
No Weather to-day
(Weather-man overslept)
Seepage3column3forweeksreport

THE WELLESLEY BUNGLE

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT"

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FEB 3 1928 WELLESLEY COLLEGE
WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

WELLESLEY, MASS., FEBRUARY 9, 1928

MANNING-BOWMAN
Toaster Sets
with six attractive plates
guaranteed
Waffle Sets
Corkum Hardware

Anti-Tobacco Mayor Will Withstand Wicked Weed

Friday this week Mart Beele was elected Mayor of this town and in front of the AD Ministration Building the symbol of lasting Law and Order which our ancestors built a hundred years ago in this town he was infested with the duties of office of this town. All honest and true citizens of Weisleigh must have felt their hearts beat with pride and excitement when our Mart swore. His oath meant that our Anti-Tobacco party is in, friends of Weisleigh. Do you remeber those brave words at our Anti-Tobacco Caucus last summer? We will quote them in case you do not. "We Welesleighans Will Work Willingly Withstanding the Wicked Weed." And will you ever forget the depraving man from Silver Bray who tried to inspire us to smoke cigars, pipes and stogies? How good we all felt when Mart rose and told him she had evidence that he represented the Wall Street Tobacco Syndicate. Can they put anything over on this town? No sir. Let the Editor say right here that we do not even take advertisements from cigarette firms in this paper, on advice of the Troblications Committee.

Inauguration Day was a proud one, to be never forgotten. First Public School '31 G, a fresh and innocent ex-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

MISS RUTH LEVY, Debutante, who recently took an active part in the fair for the benefit of our neighboring Orphan Asylum, shown with some two dozeo of the little dears aboot to strat out on their anonal picnic-walk. Miss Levy was elected trustee of the Asylum in the recent elections.

Well-Known Athlete Weds; Husband Hero of Civil War

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place last Friday, the thirteenth, when Miss Anne Depeeler entered into conubial bliss with Mr. Jess Frultier. Miss Depeeler is known about town as a sportswoman, she havlng won the first athletic award ever given to any resident of the town. She has recently been in the public eye for promoting marble contests between our

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

Miss Bartlett Tells of Her Rising Career on Broadway

It doubtless is well known to you, dear readers, that our sister, Miss Ellen Bartlett, left our guarding wings last year to seek her fortune in the big city,—like Dick Whitington. She didn't find gold streets either, but what she did find the editor told us to go and see last week. By the by, Miss Bartlett has donated to our town the new Municipal Masonic Temple that is being built on Stone Hill where Mrs. Irish's Boarding House burnt down. The work on the new edifice has been halted for the time being until the new electric light bulbs, the cause of the delay, have shown up. The building is going to be the show place of the countryside with its marble pillars and staircases, its carved and gilded ornamentations, its red velvet carpets and Louey Sez and Windsor furniture—the town council couldn't decide which to have so they compromised and are having both—and with its wide sweeping lawns dipping gracefully to the lake or to the roadway on every side, after

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

Society

At choir meeting the other night Miss Polly Florscheim, second alto, hit high C and died.

A darning social was held last Sunday at the Towers, but it wasn't so darn social. A paper by Pluto was read as the members got to thinking they should be better informed in these days of crisis.

The Loyal Daughters of Zeter Alpher are raising money on their piano. It is not very good for the piano.

One group of friends were entertained last week when Sue Shepherd got jam in her hair.

The local Clean-UP Society has exposed half the suspender walk behind the Towers, but the Purity League is keeping the other half covered.

Several people were trapped in the horsepital and couldn't get out.

Up Norumbega way at a party among those present were little cakes with perfect orange icing.

PERSONAL

Seems as if some kind of epidemic

(Continued on Page 2, Cois. 1 and 2)

—JOBS WANTED—

EXCELLENT TRAIN CALLER looking for work. Not particular about whether it is a suburban station. Healthly and experienced, with no children. Recommendations from everybody.
A. Deppler.

WAITRESS JOB WANTED. Very Experienced. Three people in the neck with two plates of soup in one trip. Flat-footed, but slight of hand. Total blindness no hindrance at all.
R. Hirsch.

WANTED, job flagging trains. Will consent to co-operate with A. Deppler.
C. Cast.

WANTED. Job as lady's companion. Much experience.
B. Knisely.

MECHANIC FOR FORD CARS, wants job. Misses his own car these cold nights. Would be willing to sit up all night with almost any make of car, just so as not to have that lonely feeling.
J. Poindexter.

WANTED; a nice homebody of a girl to wash dishes and entertain a man who is often alone. References absolutely essential (for appearances sake).
M. Beele.

DR. DE KRUIF'S KANDY KOUGH KURE
Dear Doctor de Kruif,
Your cough syrup has cured my dandruff and made the furniture look like new. The baby's colic is quite well now, and little Violet, age 11, who was very backward in school, is much better. Her teacher says she will only go back one grade this year instead of 2.
E. Z. MARK.

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For Women and Misses
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Tuesday - - Feb. 14th
Wednesday - - Feb. 15th
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located in the New Wellesiyan Block on Central St. is now open for business.
Two competent operators, experienced in New York's finest shops, are at your service. Modern equipment—Latest methods in Hair Cutting, and courteous treatment await you.
A Trial Will Be Appreciated.
Al. Black, Prop.

THE WELLESLEY BUNGLE

Printed weakly at Wellesley College once a year.—"Ignorance is the mother of all evils."—Montaigne.

$65.00 the copy ..... $2.00 the year.

Editor ..... Katherine King
Assistant Editor ..... Katherine King
Business Manager ..... Katherine King

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SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

must have hit the Tower family. The neighbors have remarked that the kids are keeping to home.

Home town folks are taking to travelling these days. The Pomeroys, Beebes, And Shafers are leaving on a week-end picnic to Boston. The latest word from Miss Cazenove is that she's attending a house-party way down to New York way. Wellesley has occasion to be proud of the social mark its young folks are making in the world.

We received an invitation to the Depeeler girls wedding. Why she should invite us to her home and then enclose a card telling us she was going to be "At Home" is beyond us but we went.

The special "Week of Prayer" has been a success so far as attendance has gone. Many members of our community who had never heretofore graced our churches were found praying in all sort of places. Phy Betta, the little Italien girl that works for the Marks, was found in an ecstatic state outside the chapel window where she had gone for "one longa prayee" to quote her words, before going to her work at the Exam homestead.

THE PURITY LEEG

The Purity League is going to investigate a rumor circulating about some place called "The Dugout." It is feared that this place is a speakeasy.

THE BUNGLE'S LETTER BOX

To One Who Went Away.

Dear Hank,

Please come back. I have forgave everything. If you are on the brink, don't hesitate, but I will be waiting and the river is frozen over now anyway. Little Harry needs whipping. Can you resist when I call you with these soul squeezing cries? Things ain't what they had ought to have been, but I'm no one to hold it agin you. Think of your loving wife, and return to the fold.

Pearly.

To A Red-Haired Party.

Madam,

Yours truly incorporated would be much obliged for a little hint from the red haired party with the red socks on the rink last Tuesday night about her address. Nothing personal you understand. I am not the kind of guy you understand, that writes in this column often see! When I write it is, well, for special reasons, and you know how it is there's so few that's the kind a fellow would be seen writting to. Any way, from this you can tell what kind of a party I am, that is I am particular—you understand. In case you are scupulus too, just head it, To the Bo, Any Mother Would Love.

That's Me.

Dear Eph.

Write a little letter to your sugar plum, or she's going to gas. The crule world will get the quarter too. Woke up last night and thought I saw you smiling at me with your lovely white store teeth, but it was only mine on the dresser. Don't let the gas company win the two bits on you Eph, and think of your little snooksey.

I. May Stringham.

Dear Edlter

I'd like fer to exchange a pen and ink lanscape fer some goldfishes. Please print this letter and iet folks read it and mabe sombody will exchange with me fer what I want.

a subskriber

HOMELY MAXIM:

There's only one way to eat your cake and have it too, and that is to eat it in bed.

Dear Dr. DeKruif;

I am writing this because I am so grateful. My whole life was changed the day I first went into a drugstore and asked for a bottle of Kandy Kough Kure. (only $1.50 at the nearest druggist's, he's at home from twelve to twelve and periodically in between, if not call him at the Emporium where he whittles from breakfast until he gets orders.) because as I said to Mrs. Jones nothing could make things worse than they were. Now I have used up ten bottles, besides the five that My Husband took the time his bootlegger went Blind on account of drinking some stuff that was meant for a customer.

If any woman would like to know the wonderful things Kandy Kough Kure can do but what I don't think it would be nice to write to a paper that all kinds of peopleread, even Men, i will anser if a stamped envelop is enclos4d.

Graciously,

Mrs. Hadder Trouble.

22 Denser Road, Well.

LOYL MEMBERS OF C. A. RESENT PIPE PROHIBITION

Fellow-citizens of Weisleigh, it is too late now to cry over spilt milk and the fact that you helped to put Mart Beele in the mayor's office. Your only hope of salvation and of personal liberty in the pursuit of happiness lies in objecting vehemently to every order issued by the Beele No-Smoking administration, which is what the writer of this article is doing right now.

The Anti-Beele party expects every loyal C. A. member to do his duty. You scorn the written and spoken word as she is writ and spoke in this community, and yet you permit a state of affairs such as would only have been possible before the days of good Sir Walter Raleigh. Are you going to let Mayor Beele tell you that pipes are injurious after you've been smoking that old briar all your life?

Mayor Beele, confident now in the support of the strong arm of the law to enforce his liberty-menacing ordinances, dare to tell you it is not considered 'genteel to smoke a pipe. Doubtless the worthy Mayor, together with his backers, 'Prohibit-Pipe' Pendleton, Constable Vinton Waite, Sheriff Frazer Smith, and the other members of the Anti-tobacco Council have forgotten their young days when several solacing draws on the old briar was often a nervous necessity.

Personally, we have gotten over that hokum about walking a mile for a Camel and a Needham dinner, and we prefer our pipe right here in the comfort of our own morris chair.

Finally, if we must resort to vulgar display of spirit (our apologies to the Beele campaigners) to elicit a response from the ranks of the Community Anarchists, let us champion the cause of poor little Nosmo King!! Dear little Nosmo, now nearly a week old, is the first unfortunate baby to be born during this administration. His mother, seeing a sign on a store down town, and being on the alert for an original name for the little one, made a note of the words, and went home with great joy to name the child Nosmo King. But the next day as she passed the same store, the doors were closed, and with terrifying suddeness came the blow. The good woman had named her little boy "No Smoking," from one of Mart Beele's ordinances!

COURT NEWS

Court convened as usual at 10 o'clock last Tuesday morning in the Town Hall. Judge Francis L. Hamilton was in the accustomed chair wielding the accustomed gavel. Lawyers Pendleton and Proctor tried most of the cases.

D. M. R. Davis was accused and convicted of smoking within the limits of the township. This serious offence was penalized by a heavy fine and a period of confinement. This was the first crime of its kind which has occurred since Mayor Beele was sworn into office. The criminal is to be made an example of in order to clearly define the new administration's attitude in this matter. The Purity League was active in prosecuting the case.

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HEATED HEART-STRINGS

A story of Love, Mystery, Terror, and Romance.

By Clarissa Curtis, author of The Desert Daughter, and Her Sister's Husband.

(Copyrite by the Bunk Syndicate, Inc.)

What has happened in the story: If you want to know, buy back numbers of the BUNGLE.

Chapter XXIII cont.

Angeline stood before him at last. Never had she looked so beautiful to him before, and it hurt him to realize that perhaps he was looking at her for the last time. Her long golden hair fell in a bright cascade over her shoulders, and her blue eyes were wide with alarm. "Why are you here at this hour of the night?" In spite of his excitement, Casper found time to marvel at her purity.

"Darling," he whispered, "I bring bad news." She stepped back. Never had he spoken thus. She had long been aware that she loved him; but as she gazed up at his dark, handsome face, it was only with these words that she realized the tremendous controlled power, the intensity, of the man before her.

"The ring is gone." It was several minutes before she realized the full import of his words. Angeline grew pale. It was agony to Casper to know that he was inflicting pain on the girl he loved above all else. Agony to see the suffering in her innocent face and to know that he was powerless to help her. It was not weakness that made his voice break on the next words. "Yes, the ring that contains the combination to the safe. I was the only one who knew of its hiding place."

"You mean———," she said slowly, giving him time to appreciate the full significance of her every word.

"Yes," he said in a low voice. "And now I must leave you. I shall not return until the ring is found."

Angeline was distraught. "But is there nothing that can be done?" she cried wildly. There was color in her cheeks now, and her eyes were blazing. With an effort, she became calm, remembering the delicacy of her position. It was her duty to leave him now; perhaps she would never see him again, perhaps she would have to pretend to hate his memory forever. Her words sounded faint and far away in her ears, and yet she made herself speak calmly. "Yes, yes, you must go," she murmured tensely, realizing that, however she might long to stay, yet she must turn from him.

As Casper went through the door, he turned for one last glance, but proud even in her pain, she had turned and left the room.

Chapter XXIV

Her mind was in a whirl as she put one dainty foot upon the stair. She felt a sudden grip tighten upon her arm, and and a low, well-remembered voice whispered meaningly "Don't scream or I'll shoot." What could Angeline do but obey?

He drew her into to the dimly lighted room, shutting the door carefully, and she recognised Jerome's terrible countenance, with the evil expression of its eyes and little black moustache. They were a strangely contrasting pair, Angeline standing there slender and fair, her lovely face expressing all her sweet young innocence, and Jerome with his brutally molded jaw, the hardened cruelty of his whole face. "At last," he hissed, and, she knew not why, his words struck added terror into her breast.

Slowly, with fiendish deliberation, he moved toward her. Angeline shrank back, scarcely daring to breathe, "No, no," was all that she could find strength enough to murmur. He came nearer; she could feel his breath hot upon her cheek. Angeline grew faint.

Then, suddenly, his eyes changed. He was staring over her shoulder. Her numbed senses told her that behind her was the window. She did not dare to turn, but stared, fascinated, at his eyes. No longer gaily burning, they were filled equally now with terror and rage, as he stared and stared at the window behind her.

(To be continued)

PURITY LEAGUE

To the editor of the BUNGLE

As a member of the Purity League of this town, I really feel it my duty to inform you of the deplorable state of affairs in Europe and especially France, and I know because I spent two weeks in Paris last summer, and it is much worse than I ever expected as I have been telling a lady from Natick whom I met on the boat coming home and who knows relatives of a number of my friends here in Wellesley and who told me a number of things I have been wanting to find out for a long time, but anyway while in Paris I went to several night-clubs to find out exactly how bad they are, and I really am very upset about conditions and wish I could tell something about them here, but I won't for the dear young people's sake, and I shall just tell about my plans for a cake-sale to be held in the Sunday-School room of the Memorial Church, Friday, and I do hope that my friends in the Ladies Aid Society will help me because I really would like to have several pots of baked-beans and some jelly rolls and fried cakes besides the things the members of the Purity League are bringing, and I do hope that everyone will come because all the money we make will go to buying cloth to send to some ladies in Paris so they can make suitable garments for some of the statues in the Louvre and some fountains.

Purely yours,
MARIA L. BURP,
Travelling Secretary.

OUR SHAVING CREAM BEST
Proved by years of constant use at Wellesley. Soft skins preserved by its mild texture.

A BEDTIME TALE

"Come closer, children, and I will tell you a bedtime story," said Grandmother, and in a parable, as it were, gave seven little prospective Wellesley granddaughters the hundredth reason why they should not go to college.

It was that STARK time of the year when examinations roll around and the fifty-fifty basis of faculty-student relations had become twenty-five-twenty-five. JACKSON awoke, shook his BUSHEE head, and said to himself, "WEED better HUNT a way out of this examination. I'll tell Dad I'm ill and he WOOD never have the HART to make me go." So he told his Dad who was STEARNS they make them, and very quick to catch boys KNAPPing. Having HURD his son's story he said, "You're AHLERS playing this game. Don't you think you're a bit too YOUNG to GAMBLE with fate? AVERY time an examination comes, you get in DUTCHER AND DUTCHER. But I'll call your mother.....Ma, DAVIS sick," he shouted. Dave was full of BLISS for he NEWELL that mother SNOW best and don't go PULLING boys out of bed to send them to examination. But—"LAW," said his mother, "there are exams HODDER than this. You FLETCHER self get scared, that's all. It's not SMAILL ment, only nerves. Get up and COE." "But THOMPSON and JOHNSON are staying home," said Dave, as CURTIS he could. "ALLright," said his mother, "you stay in bed. Dad, go SWIFTly to your ORVIS."

So DAVIS sick until the exam is over, and then he becomes a WELLMAN again. And though it is nothing to BRAGG about, he got along well, nay TUELL, for he earned his P. B. K. and didn't have to WAITE until Senior year! That's the IRISH of it.

"And now," said Grandmother, "go to bed for that is DONNAN over with. Like work at college, it SMITH, children, SMITH."

WEATHER REPORT

We calculate that the weather for the next week will be cold. No doubt there will be a north wind and storms from the northwestern areas. It might even be a blizzard. On the other hand weather authoirities state that the entire winter will be warm. In that case next week will bring robins. The office thermometer is broken so the temperature report is uncertain. We did not get up in time to see the sun rise, but it must have been about 7.02 a. m.

STARTLING FENOMOANA

Just as to-days train came in I got some news hot off the caboose. The fireman told of the startling exPerience of Picking up a dead body off the tracks which was in the way of the train and in the way of a special happening in this quiet community! I'll Say!

This greusome accident occured just west of the water tower and half after eight o'clock. ?y hair rose as I got into the caboose to see the Aweful sight, because this was my first BIG scoup. Because I've never been given such a responsible assignment before because of my extreme youth. But to revive the body. It was stark and cold and absolutely unrecognizable. But did that keep it from being exciting? I should say Not. . . . .

Plying the firemen with questions I picked up details on the side and drew my own conclusions. The skin was ruined as far as practical wear went, but it would easily line a pair of gloves. I'll bet that rabbit never guessed it would Get IntoPrint, I'll say.

READY FOR PROM?

Of course you've left it until the last minute! But little to worry about, because Slattery's is ready to help you. Newest fashions—the dripping hemlines, the slashed backs everyone is talking about; the live silhouette, with animation, vivacity in every line! The misted colors—off whites—the pinks that are cloudy—the yellows that are dusty!

CHIFFON !
Note the tiered fishtail train in center sketch. There's movement in the soft femininity of chiffon fabric; in flowing bow at back shoulders; stunning jewelled buckle. For Mademoiselle, 49.50

TAFFETA !
Feminine, youthful! Lovely in flaming peach. Boufant thru lavish use of material, caught at waist with wide, flaring fold, dipping deeply at back. Flower garland. For Mademoiselle, 59.50

Metal Brocade Wraps, of gleaming metal; exquisitely lined with soft silks. With fluffy collars, cuffs of white fur. 88.00

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Jays

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Pathe News Comedy Pathe Review

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Adolphe Menjou and Dawn O'Hara in
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"Grass"
(Return Engagement)
PATHE NEWS

Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 15 and 16
SYD CHAPLIN in
"THE MAN ON THE BOX"
Wednesday Afternoon Only—"The Trail of the Tiger"—Chapter 4
PARAMOUNT NEWS COMEDY
AESOP'S FABLE

Fri. and Sat., Feb. 17 and 18
LILLIAN GISH in
"Annie Laurie"
PATHE NEWS COMEDY
PATHE REVIEW

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ANTI-TOBACCO MAYOR WILL WITHSTAND WICKED WEED

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

ample of our still untainted youth marched down Washington Street followed by Mayor Beele in the Veterán Ford Genny Vive which saw such brilliant service in the War on Flanders Fields and which was lent to him for the occasion because the key to his Limousine Flivette was still down the elevator shaft of B. B. Hall. Even our Mothers marched in the largest parade we have had since the Boys Came Home. About the square were little groups and Tufts of the townsfolks stood in a circle around E. Fitz Pendleton. A serious riot nearly happened when those insidious radicals Mussey, McBride, Proctor Zeigler and the Smith faction backed by the giddier members of the Town Councyl distributed pamphlets entitled BE BROadminded and BE Nonchalant and Liberty Not Lisence. The quick action of Constable Vinton Waite and Sheriff Frazer Smith averted the danger by arresting them They were later Balled out by Bailey.

The Crusade to the TEa Tavern had to be abandoned because it was too near 7:30 but everyone enjoyed seeing Mayor Beele inStalled in Genny Vive.

Another reform that our Mayor contemplates is the introduction of More and Mightier Conferences on any topic at all so that the message and challenge of anything can be shared with anyone. Problems will be discussed. Questions affecting things will be solved. Out under the trees in some uplofting place—perhaps across Lake Waban in that secluded spot near the emerald waters of the Paint Factory where nature is bounteous in her gifts.

"Be on the safe-side," says Mart Beele and therefore he will introduce legislation requiring girls who go out after six p.m. to go in groups of twelve. Just so that Smith wont get ahead of Weslelgh.

MISS BARTLETT TELLS OF HER RISING CAREER ON BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

they have cut the trees down.

Miss Bartlett was more than nice to us. We felt as though she really remembered me. It's so hard to be successful and still remain unspoiled. In the City especially. But Miss Bartlett is still unspoiled though perhaps a little changed as you will see, though that is to be expected in the City. The door was opened by a strange looking man. We learned later that he was a Philipino. Miss Bartlett was waiting for me in the most ravishing kimona I have ever seen. It was white satin with white ostrich feathers about the neck and down the front and was caught gracefully at the hip by the hand with a studied carelessness. The apartment was spacious, looking out upon—but this was a back room.

"Won't you sit down?"

I sat down resolving to plunge directly into my questions regarding her career, knowing that she must be busy.

Then she offered me a cigarette.

"We don't smoke, you know, my dear," I said gently. We must be broadminded, you see, fellow citizens.

"How can you dare to be in the house all day alone with that man, Miss Bartlett?"

She laughed! "Oh, Rays is harmless and such a very good cook, His egg—"

"Do you like eggs, Miss Bartlett? I am so fond—" Just then the telephone rang. When she came back I continued.

"We were talking about eggs."

"Eggs? Oh, yes, I had one breakfast."

"For breakfast?"

"Yes."

"I think eggs are excellent," I urged her on. I hoped that she would tell me something personal, but the telephone rang again and when she returned she had to excuse herself to dress. So I left.

By the by, Miss Bartlett is one of the principals in a new New York play.

The Pomeroy family, so much in the public eye of late, were recently arrested for serving drinks behind locked doors. Mrs. Pomeroy said they locked the doors at 9:45 o'clock P. M. for protection, but the sheriff said there was something cookey about her excuse. So they are now at home in the Center Street Jail and will be pleased to see any of their old friends there also.

The Frog Pond was the scene last week of many a merry skating party. Though small in size the pond can accomodate several dozen people at the same time. There is also the advantage that one would have difficulty in drowning there since the ice is quite solid.

WELL-KNOWN ATHLETE WEDS; HUSBAND HERO OF CIVIL WAR

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2)

little friends at the orphan asylum and the members of the old folks' home. She is also well known among the Sisters of Rebecca. Mr. Frultier recently received a medal for having lost more parts of his body than anybody else in the Civil War. He is prominent among the Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Miss Depeeler, who is popularly known as Aunt Dippy, wore her mother's grandmother's wedding dress, which was first worn in 1800. Around her head she had wax orange blossoms. In her hand she carried apple blossoms. Her dress was very becoming, being made of percale. The bridegroom's clothes were negligeable. He wore the conventional blue suit, with a dainty pencil stripe, which was purchased at the Emporium Where U Bot The Hat. The mother of the bride was clothed in invisible black velvet.

A huge wedding reception followed, at which cider, home brew and doughnuts were the refreshments. Sanborn's Elite and Classy Band furnished the entertainment in costume.

After the reception the young couple left for a two days' honeymoon at Niagara Falls. The bride wore a stunning travelling costume._Her dress was of red satin, trimmed with peach and black rosettes aroung the neck, elbows, waist, and bottom hem. She wore cinammon-colored stockings and black shoes. A large black and orange picture hat completed the beautiful outfit, imported from Boston.

EDITORIAL

To-night as I sit here in the old swivel chair and look at the Gibson Girl prints on the wall, the old beer-keg in the corner, the preserved rattlesnake in the glass case and accurately place my quid in the nearest cuspidor, I cannot but help reflecting on the change that occurs as time comes and goes. As Caesar so beautifully expressed it "omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est." There is the picture suggested of the world and the three parts it falls into, future, past and present. For we must first look at the future, then recall the past and then regard the present in all its nakedness.

Looking back, the changing situation of our community can be seen to reel before our eyes. First when the forefathers took up this place to rear his little family, little knowing that it would grow to such infinite numbers, comes into the picture. Then the municipal growth is photographed on the sheets of time. A foreign population is registered in our census.

The mayor faces a real situation here at Wellesley. There is much to be done, redone and undone. The hill district needs attention. Many of the inhabitants there are bed-ridden due to a deadly disease called "dementia praecox." The village is rife with unemployment. The school had closed down due to the illness of the faculty. (She is able to breathe with less effort, now you will be glad to hear.)

Now that I have finished I shall close.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

LOST

One Coon Coat, with Skunk running around neck and wrists. We have a good idea who has it. If returned no questions will be asked.

P. S.—The party referred to need not return same. It was hangin' behind the door all the time.

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